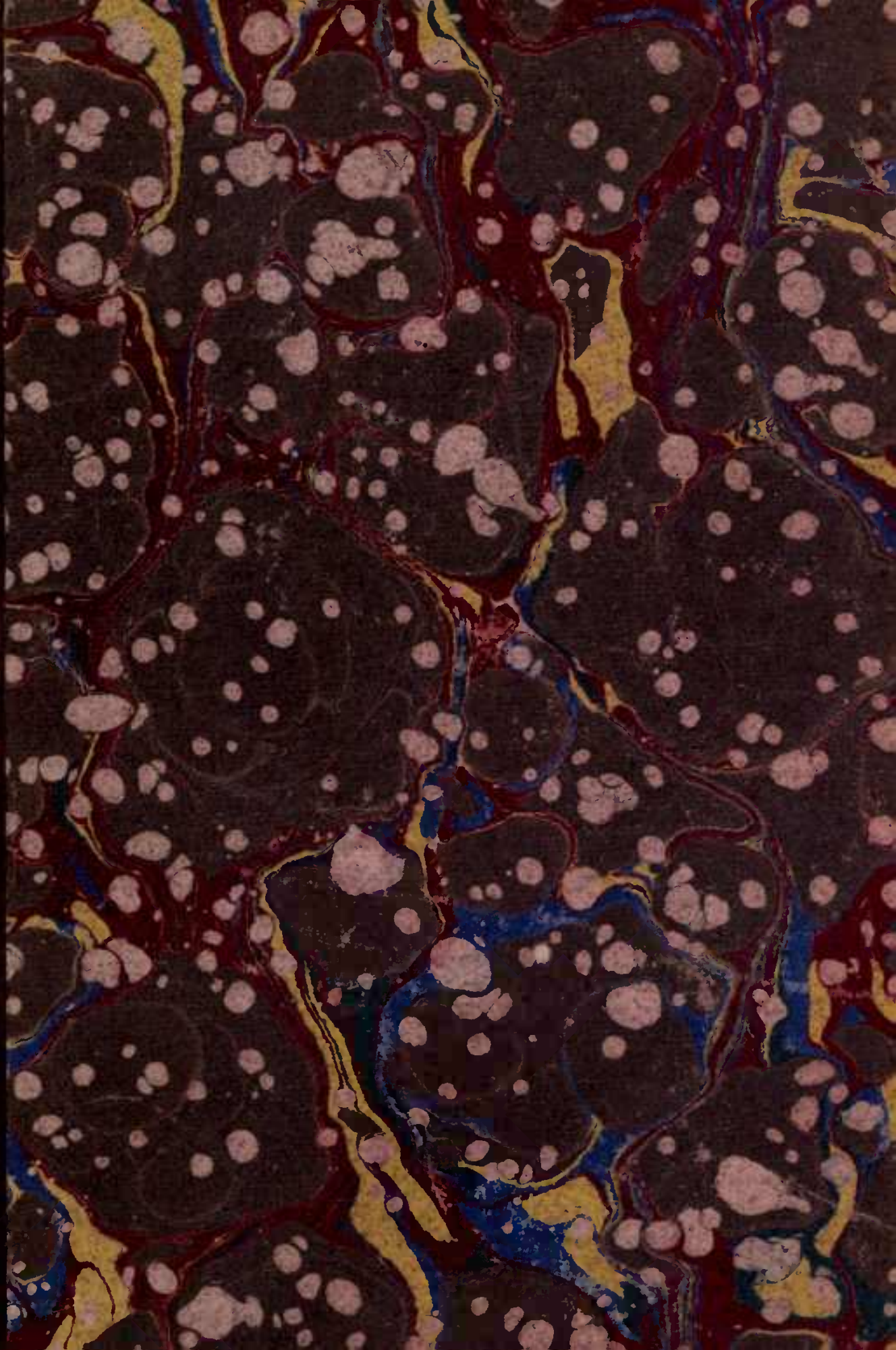

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Children-Thimble

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THE

THIMBLE RESTORED;

OR,

THE IDLE GIRL

CONVERTED TO

HABITS OF INDUSTRY.

London:

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1821.

THE

THIMBLE RESTORED.

"WHAT can have become of my thimble?" said Emily, while searching the work-bag, into which she had a short time before put it.

"Never mind the thimble," replied Lucy: "let you and me go and have a game at romps together." "Mamma would be angry, Lucy, were I to go romping, when she has desired me to sit down to work; and I would not willingly

displease her." "Oh, I never care about displeasing my mamma. If she tells me to do any thing I do not like, I will not do it."

"I am ashamed to hear you talk so, my dear. Your mamma, as well as mine, must know what is best for little girls like you and me to do; and I think they will neither of them desire us to do any thing that is improper. My mamma says she loves me too well to admit of my doing wrong without telling me of it."

"My mamma loves me as well as yours does you, I am sure; but she says, when I tell her that I do not like to do any thing she bids me, that I shall not do it, because it would vex me; and I should cry, you know, and that would spoil my pretty

face." "Pretty face! My nurse-maid used to tell me, 'Pretty is that pretty does; and that no little girl can be pretty, if she is not good.'"

"Oh, but every body tells me, Emily, that I am a very pretty little girl, and very tall too of my age. Mamma says I am but seven years old."

"I am sure you are old enough to know better than to be vain of your beauty. My mamma once gave me a history to read, of a little girl who was very naughty, and vain of her beauty; and she was attacked by the small-pox, and it disfigured her so much, that none of her former flatterers could trace a feature of her face to be like what it had been; and then, instead of being indulged, she was

snubbed by every body, which soon taught her to know that it was better to be admired for goodness than beauty."

"Oh! do not talk to me about such nonsense as that. Come into the garden, and give me a swing; for I am sure you will not find your thimble again in a hurry," exclaimed Lucy, endeavouring, at the same time, in a rude manner, to drag Emily out of the room. To say the truth, she had herself disposed of the thimble in such a way, as to make sure Emily would not be able to find it for the whole of the morning. Having heard Mrs. Foresight tell her daughter, at breakfast-time, that she should work till twelve o'clock, and enjoy the remainder of the day with Lucy, in whatever amuse-

ment they chose to partake of, she determined, if possible, to obtain the whole day for play; and very artfully, when unperceived, withdrew the thimble, which was silver with an enamelled border, out of the bag. Running out of the room with it, she caught up a kitten, that she met with on the stairs; and opening the door of a dressing-closet, that was situated at the top of them, thrust both her and the thimble in together; taking care to shut it again, that neither of them should be found for the day, being ignorant that Mrs. Foresight always dressed in that closet daily. But as I was telling you, my little reader, at the instant Lucy was endeavouring to force Emily to go to the garden, for the sake of gratifying her own

idle propensity, Mrs. Foresight entered the room. Without appearing to observe what was going forward, she said, "Emily, my love, what did you do with your thimble when I gave it to you?" Emily, who never told an untruth to her mamma, replied with firmness, which truth will always support,

"Indeed, mamma, I put it into my work-bag; but it is not there now."

"That is very strange. Are you sure it did not slip on one side, instead of falling into the bag from your fingers?"

"It could not, mamma; because I put my hand almost to the bottom of the work-bag before I let it go from my fingers, for fear of any accident befalling it."

"Have you seen the kitten in the room lately?"

"No, mamma, I have not seen the kitten once to-day."

Lucy now began to feel uneasy, lest her trick should be discovered; but when Mrs. Foresight produced the thimble in question, the colour in her cheeks became a deep crimson, and betrayed to that lady what a naughty little girl she was. However, passing it by for the present, she said, giving the thimble to her daughter,

"Here it is, my Emily; but take care that neither the kitten, nor any one equally mischievous, gets possession of it again."

"The kitten, mamma! What could she do with it? She cannot work: it could be of no use to her."

"True, my love, she cannot work, like you or any other little girl; though some person had given her amusement enough, by shutting her and your thimble in together in my dressing-closet. The noise she made in rolling it about, induced me to open the door; when I discovered her giving it a pat with one of her fore-paws, and then running after it, to catch it again."

"She might have spoiled it," observed Emily. "Who could have been so naughty as to take my pretty thimble out of the work-bag, and give it to her to play with?"

"That I have yet to learn," replied the good lady; "though, whenever I discover

who it was, the offending person shall be sent out of my house directly."

"Come," thought Lucy, "I am safe: she does not know, nor will I tell her who it was."

She had not her own mamma, who was blind to all her bad behaviour, to deal with in Mrs. Foresight; and was deceived by supposing her ignorant of who the person was that had been guilty of such a wicked act. But Mrs. Foresight, continuing to address herself to her daughter, said,

"I am aware of your innocence in the business; so take your work, Emily, and let me see how much of the border of my petticoat you will be able to finish this

morning. Possibly Lucy will assist you it will prove an amusement to her."

"I do not know how to do it," replied Lucy, vexed at being disappointed of obtaining the whole day, which she had made herself sure would be devoted to idleness, by Emily as well as herself.

"Shall Emily teach you?"

"My mamma never desired me to learn to work petticoats."

"Did you never feel any desire yourself to be taught?"

"No."—"I should have added *ma'am* to *no*, had I been Lucy. But can you tell me why you never wish to learn any thing you do not know?"

"It is so stupid to sit down all day at

work; and if I do not know how to do it, you know, nobody can make me."

"Oh, for shame!" exclaimed Emily. "What a poor excuse for keeping one's self ignorant. I feel quite happy after learning any thing that I did not know before." Mrs. Foresight had seated herself at work, and as Emily was anxious to gratify her mamma, by doing as much of the petticoat as she possibly could that morning, a pause had ensued; which Lucy interrupted, by crying out, in a fretful tone,

"I wish I was at home."

"If your mamma were in town I would send you home; but having promised her you should remain with Emily until her return, which she assured me would be

to-morrow morning, you must content yourself with us for that time. What is your reason for wishing to quit us so soon," continued she.

"I do not like to be shut up in a room so. If I were at home I should have Polly Hawkins to play with me, and we could run about as I liked."

"Who is Polly Hawkins?"

"A little girl mamma sends for to play with me; and if she does not play and do every thing just as I bid her, mamma tells her to go home again, and then she never gives her any plum-cake or sweet-meats either."

"I am very sorry to hear you say, Miss Faulty, that your mamma encourages you in being a naughty girl. However,

if you feel uncomfortable in being confined to one room, you are at liberty to go and amuse yourself in the garden."

"May Emily come with me?"

"She is at liberty, likewise, to do as she pleases; but as Emily never hitherto expressed a wish to contradict any command of mine, I think you will scarcely prevail with her to give over working until the clock strikes twelve." Emily declared her intention of working at mamma's petticoat the appointed time, and Lucy arose to go alone into the garden. Just as she was passing Mrs. Foresight for that purpose, a large hole was discernible in a worked muslin frock she had on.

"Come here, Lucy. Bless me, child! how came this hole torn in your frock?"

"I do not know," replied Lucy, colouring up. She might well colour, knowing, as she did, the hole was torn by the kitten, when she snatched her up on the stairs, in going to hide the thimble belonging to Emily. The marks of the kitten's talons, in various places around it, proved too plainly how it had happened; for, caught up unawares, she had clung to the frock of her assailant, and, in endeavouring to make her escape, had torn the hole at this moment discovered by Mrs. Foresight, who instantly saw, without discovering to Lucy that she did, what had occasioned it.

"As you cannot, Miss Faulty, give any

The THIMBLE RESTORED.

account of how this happened, I must, instead of allowing you to go into the garden, insist upon your sitting down to mend it." So saying, she rang the bell twice, which was a signal well known to the servants that the nursery-maid was wanted. She opened the door. "Bell," said her mistress, "fetch down another frock for Miss Faulty: she has by some means got the one torn which she has on, and I must have it mended by herself immediately." Bell, who had from the garret-stairs been a silent spectator of this spoiled child's behaviour towards the kitten, retired well pleased that she was likely to be punished for the offence; while Lucy still flattered herself in the

hope that she was not discovered. Bell very soon changed the frock; and Mrs. Foresight, fastening the torn part on a piece of oiled skin, to keep it well together, placed Lucy on a chair beside herself; while Emily continued pursuing her work, on a stool by the window, without appearing to concern herself about what was passing.

As the clock struck twelve, her mamma desired Emily to put by her work. Lucy, in haste, rumpled up the frock she was learning to mend, making herself sure that now the fatigue of the day was gone by, and all her pleasure was about to begin. But Mrs. Foresight again disappointed her hopes, by saying, "Have you mended the hole in your frock, my dear?"

"It is impossible for a little girl like me to mend such a hole as that."

"As it was not impossible for you to tear that hole, I think it only reasonable you should be obliged to mend it."

"I did not tear it."

"If you did not tear it, tell me who it was that did." She was just upon the point of saying the kitten, but, being an artful child, recollected that then it would be known who had taken the thimble; and finding no way to extricate herself from the scrape her love of idleness had brought her into, burst into a flood of tears, and wept aloud. Turning to Emily, Mrs. Foresight said,

"You have not practised your lesson

on the piano yet, my love. Do oblige me with a little harmony, as I am completely tired of discordant notes." Emily went to the instrument, and though she had only learned a twelvemonth, played extremely well for a child of eight years old. She had been, from her infancy, taught by an excellent mamma, who had taken great pains to inculcate on her mind, that time and method were both necessary to be attended to, in every pursuit of life, whether pleasure, or the absolute duties of it; and an hour being the time limited for her to practise her music at noon, she arose from it as the clock struck one. Lucy had cried a long time; but finding, at length, her point was not to be gained with Mrs. Foresight,

as it was with her mamma at home, she ceased, but sat silent and sullen some time. Emily, receiving a look from her mamma, which glanced towards Lucy, said, on putting down the top of the instrument,

"Come, Lucy, let you and me go walk in the garden until dinner is ready. It will only be a quarter of an hour longer. Will it, mamma? And then we can amuse ourselves as we like best afterwards."

"Indeed I will not. I will sit here now, all day long."

"Lucy, my dear," said Mrs. Foresight, calmly, "you must not give yourself any airs, nor tell untruths while under my care; therefore, as you have said you

will not go into the garden, you shall not now before dinner, even though you wish it. I have always kept Emily to her word, and will do the same by you, likewise, while under my protection."

Lucy stared at Mrs. Foresight with surprise; her manner of talking was so different to what she had been accustomed to at home. Her own mamma had strove to please her in every way; the servants were all obliged to do as she ordered them; and she had only to make up a pretended cry, when a tear could not be forced from her eyes, to obtain every thing she wanted. She had frequently broken and destroyed ten and twelve shillings worth of toys in a day, and then cried until others were sent for.

Still this child was not happy; the indulgences she met with tending rather to sour her temper, than to render it more amiable. But there was a something in the tone and manner of Mrs. Foresight, that at this moment awed her and kept her silent. The quarter of an hour soon elapsed, and dinner was announced for the young ladies. As Emily had never been pampered with cakes and sweetmeats between her breakfast and dinner, as many other children are, she had always a good appetite, and could make a hearty dinner of plain food. Such was not the case with Lucy. However, as she had not partaken of any thing since breakfast, she eat a wing and part of the breast of a chicken; but refused to

eat any part of a bread-pudding, because there was no fruit in it. Fruit was served after dinner, but she was disappointed in that too, because there were not any strawberries and cream. They were now allowed either to play in the garden, walk in the fields, or, in fact, do as they pleased. The garden was chosen by Lucy, because a swing was suspended there, and Emily acquiesced in her desire. To the garden they went. But Mrs. Foresight had ordered the servant to take the swing down before dinner; so in this respect she was again mortified and disappointed.

"Bless me, I cannot think how you pass your life, Emily. I should be moped

to death if I had got such a mamma as you have."

"Believe me, Lucy," said Emily, with enthusiasm, "I would not change my mamma for all the other mammas in the world put together. She never scolds me, and, whatever she bids me do, I feel a pleasure in obeying her."

"She makes you work so much: I would not do it."

"Ay, but she tells me if I did not employ my time, it would hang so heavy on my hands, I should not know what to do with myself. I do not always work, neither."

"No: what do you do besides?"

"Read pretty history-books, play with my doll, make her clothes; and, except

on some very particular occasion, always attend to my lessons two hours of a day."

"I should die of *ennui*," as mamma says, "were I to be so confined. But show me your doll, and all the things belonging to her." Emily led the way back, and to the house they returned. They went into a small inner room that was appropriated to the baby-house, and other toys. "Are these all the toys you have got? What a few, compared to what I have!" said Lucy.

"Every thing I have here is useful for my baby-house; and it is not necessary, my mamma told me, to lumber it up with things that are not so. Another reason she gave me was, that, by having nothing

out of the way, I should know how to furnish a house for myself, when I became a woman." The baby-house was a very large one, and as well furnished as any doll could require; yet it did not please Lucy, who was more capricious, in fact, than any little girl ought to be. She pulled out the chairs, displaced the tables, found fault with the drawers, complained of the looking-glasses being too small; and even the fenders and fire-irons did not escape censure, because they were not exactly of the newest fashion. Then the bedstead and curtains for the lady-doll were intolerably old-fashioned: there was not half enough drapery to set it off to advantage. For her part, she should have broken it to pieces long enough

ago, (she said,) if it had only been for the purpose of getting a more stylish one."

"But you would not have prevailed upon *my* mamma to buy you another, if she knew you had broken it upon any such account," replied Emily.

"Not upon *yours*, perhaps; but I know I could upon my own, because she does not like to see me unhappy. Let us have a look at her wardrobe, (continued this dissatisfied little girl,) and see whether that is more fashionable than the furniture of her house." The drawers were then ransacked.

"Are these all the dresses she is possessed of?"

"There are half a dozen dresses, besides morning gowns, my dear, which are

quite enough for any doll at one time; at least, I am satisfied.

"So should not I be; for, unless my doll had gold and silver frocks, besides court dresses, I could not think she looked like a lady."

"Ha! ha! ha!" said Emily, unable longer to refrain from laughing: "who ever heard of a doll going to court? I beg pardon, Lucy, for laughing; but really, the idea is so whimsical, I could not help it."

"Oh, put up all the baby-things: I am tired of looking at them," said Lucy, thrusting them into the drawers like whisps of hay."

"Stop, I must fold them smooth, and put them by in proper order, or how will

it be possible for me to find any of her clothes I may want, when in haste to put them on?"

"Make your servant look for them."

"My servant was hired, mamma said, to attend upon me, and keep my clothes in good order; and by observing her method with mine, I must learn to do the same by my doll's clothes."

"Ridiculous! Come, there, that will do, I am sure: they are laid quite smooth enough now."

It was useless for Lucy to attempt to hurry away Emily, before the wardrobe, furniture, and every other *et cetera* were carefully arranged. She had been taught to attend to every particular of neatness; and could not so easily divest herself of

ideas that had been instilled into her mind from the early period of two years old, as to be guided by the conduct or persuasion of such an untidy little girl as Lucy most evidently was. The instant the baby-house was set to rights, Lucy, who took more delight in acting the part of a Tom-boy, than in any other pursuit that would render her more amiable, caught hold of Emily by her two arms, and rudely swinging, precipitated her to the floor. "I knew I was the strongest, although you are the oldest," exclaimed she, exultingly, without heeding a bruise that she had been the wilful cause of impressing upon poor Emily's forehead, who, having been taken by surprise, was not prepared to guard herself against the at-

tack; but rising as quickly as she could, and feeling the bruise become painful, she answered, with some acrimony: "Indeed I have no wish to try my strength in this sort of manner: such play is only fit for a parcel of boys, not young ladies." And, to deaden the acuteness of the pain, she placed her hand over the part affected.

"What signifies being angry: it cannot now be helped. Come, try if you can throw me down: I will not cry about it, if you do."

"You are a very unfeeling child," said Emily, turning away indignantly; though, unlike many other little girls, she did not run away crying to her mamma, with tales about every trifle that took place; but endured patiently many accidents that

Lucy reading Goody Two Shoes.

Do oblige me with a little harmony.

occurred, without once making a complaint. Her example ought to be adopted by every young lady who reads the story. She was, however, obliged to keep her hand at her forehead for some time; and Lucy, I assure you, looked very silly on the occasion.

After the pain had in some degree subsided, she extended her hand towards Lucy, and said, "We are friends again now; but really the pain was so violent at first, that I could not avoid feeling displeased with you; but we must all forget and forgive, my mamma has often told me."

"I did not mean," replied the other, (half overcome by the generosity of her conduct,) to hurt you, and I am very sorry for it."

"That is quite enough, my dear; we will drop the subject."

"But you will tell your mamma?"

"Not unless she asks me any questions about my forehead."

"And will you then?

"I must not tell her an untruth for the world: God would not love me if I did. But I will tell her you did not mean to hurt me, and that we are good friends, and then she will be friends with you too."

"Well then, I will not serve you so any more. But, dear me, I want something to amuse me."

"What amusement can you require, I wonder? You do not like to work, you will not walk, my baby-house is not fine

enough for you, and you say you are not fond of reading. How can I know your taste for amusement?"

"Have you got any battledoors and shuttlecocks?"

"Yes, I have. If that is your favourite amusement, you shall be gratified with a game at it."

"Oh, let us have a game, it is such fine exercise. Where are the battledoors? Where are they?"

As I informed my little readers before, that Emily had been instructed to attend to neatness and cleanliness, her toys, and different sources of amusement, were not scattered, in a higgledy piggledy manner, about the room, in different directions.

No, her mamma had ordered a sort of dresser to be placed on one side of it, under which were four drawers; and in these drawers were deposited, as well as many other things, the battledoors and shuttlecock. Lucy's eyes glanced eagerly at them, as Emily exhibited them to her view.

"Who can keep the shuttlecock up longest?" said, she striking against it with her battledoor; but giving it an unlucky side blow, it dashed though a pane of glass, and forced its way out into the garden. Regardless of her being on a visit at another person's house, she ran shrieking through the adjoining room, where Mrs. Foresight was sitting. "Miss Faulty," said the good lady, "what has hap-

pened to occasion all this noise and uproar?"

"I cannot stop, ma'am: the shuttlecock has flown right through the window, and I am going to fetch it as fast as I can." So saying, she rushed through the room, without attending to the respect that was due to the lady of the house. Mrs. Foresight was not unacquainted with all that had passed, as she had been very attentive to the whole of their conversation; and calling Emily to her, said,

"Do you wish, my love, to amuse yourself at the game of battledoor and shuttlecock?"

"No, mamma: I think the weather is too warm for such a game. You have often told me that it is an exercise fit

only for cold weather; but as Lucy had such a desire, I wished much to oblige her."

"As it is a pastime that one little girl can divert herself at, I am of opinion you had better forego it."

"To tell you the truth, mamma, I would much sooner practise my music; but as Lucy is a visitor, I thought it would appear unpolite in me to refuse her."

"If Lucy conducted herself like a good girl, it would be highly improper in you to refuse to accede to any reasonable request she might make; but I much fear she is one who feels for no other person besides *self*, which is a very bad trait in in the character of any child whatever.

How came this bruise on your forehead, my dear Emily?"

"Lucy happened to throw me down, mamma, though I do not think she meant to hurt me; because she said she did not, and was sorry for it. I forgave her. So do you too, mamma. Do you not?"

"My dear child," said Mrs. Foresight, clasping her to her bosom, while the tear of rapture rose in her eye, as a tribute to the sensibility of her darling,

"Yes, we must all forgive," continued she, "or we cannot expect to be forgiven. I bear no ill-will to Lucy; on the contrary, I feel very much for her, because her own mamma has spoiled her by too much indulgence."

Just as this was uttered, Lucy was

heard bawling out for Emily, as loud as her tone of voice could speak the word.

"This is a tiresome child, in truth. Go and see, my love, what new whim has darted into her mind to perplex her." Away went Emily. She was met at the door by Lucy, who, half breathless, exclaimed,

"Oh, what an accident! Why did not you come out with me? If you had come out before, it might have been prevented."

"What accident, Lucy: for goodness sake tell me. You have not hurt yourself, I hope."

"Oh, no, it is worse than that. The shuttlecock is gone over the garden wall, and, for the life of me, I cannot find the way out to seek it."

"Nor can I show you, but will request mamma to let Thomas look for it. However, if it should not be found again, there is no great harm done. It will not cost a world of money to replace it."

"How provoking now, when I want to play with it. Have you got another to give me?"

"No, I have no other. My mamma does not buy several things of one kind for me. She says it is useless."

"Dear me, how provoking," said Lucy, and began whimpering.

"Since you feel the loss of it so much, I am sorry it is gone; but do not distress yourself about the shuttlecock, if it is only on account of its having belonged to me, that you are lamenting for the loss."

"No, it is not for that; because my mamma would buy you half a dozen. I want it to play with. Go and make Thomas look for it," added she, brightening up.

"Mamma would be very angry, were I to give an order to any of the servants without her permission; but, as I said before, I will ask her to desire Thomas to seek for it." Into the parlour they went for this purpose; when Mrs. Foresight, putting on a very serious countenance, after Emily had given a detail of the accident, as Lucy had termed her own carelessness, said: "It is not very often that I feel compelled to refuse any of your little requests, my love; yet, in this instance, it

would be treating Miss Faulty with injustice, were I to comply."

"Oh, but it would be doing me a great kindness; for I am very fond of playing at battledoor and shuttlecock."

"I doubt that much. Most people who are fond of any one thing in particular, are careful of it, which has not been exactly your case. In the first place, you struck the shuttlecock through a pane of glass in Emily's private apartment."

Lucy looked down. Her eyes had fallen under the penetrating glance of Mrs. Foresight; and a colour resembling scarlet suffused her neck and face.

"That, as an accident, I considered of little importance; but your boisterous manner of behaviour, and, without any

sort of apology, rushing into the room where I was sitting, constituted offence." Here Lucy, not knowing what to do with herself, began to press her fingers and thumbs together, and look very foolish.

"You have now been pursuing your favourite amusement, as you profess it is, in the garden; and had you kept on the lawn, which is in the centre of it, might at this moment have been playing with the shuttlecock; but, from a strange propensity to change, you must risk it close by the side of a wall, over which you have avowedly thrown it. You must now reap the fruit of your own carelessness, *disappointment*, or seek some better way of passing your time, for no servant of mine shall go to look for it."

Lucy, no longer able to refrain from tears, let fall a plentiful shower. Mrs. Foresight had spoken in a decided tone of voice, and, from the firmness of her conduct in the morning, this thoughtless little girl was too well convinced she would not retract her word, after it was once given. Unlike many other ladies, who, after lecturing young folks, caress them immediately, Mrs. Foresight was aware that they should be taught to *feel* as well as *hear* that they had conducted themselves improperly, and left the room directly, to prevent her tenderness from overpowering a superior feeling.

"O, how I wish my own mamma was at home," sobbed out Lucy.

"My dear Lucy," cried Emily, throw-

ing her arms around her, while the copious drops trickled silently down her own lovely cheeks, "do not grieve so: I am sure mamma did not mean to distress you."

"Yes, she did. You told her I threw you down, and she is angry about that."

"No, believe me, she is not. She said she forgave you, and she said too she pitied you."

"Pitied me! Oh, that was because I could not go home to my own mamma, but must stay here all night long." And she burst into a fresh flood of tears.

"No, it was because, she said, your mamma spoiled you by too much indulgence."

"Does not *she* spoil you? She never beats you; does she?"

"Oh no, mamma never beats me; but if she looks angry, I am more unhappy, Lucy, than you can imagine, and that makes me do every thing I can to please her."

"She will not let me please her."

"Oh yes, she will: mamma is not very difficult to please."

"Well, then, shall I try to please her?" wiping off the tears from her face with her pocket-handkerchief.

"If you do, she will make such a good child of you, that every body will love you then."

"Yes; but then will you tell her I will

be a good girl? She will not look so cross at you."

"Cross, Lucy! Mamma will be quite delighted to hear that you are going to be a good child. Let us go together, and tell her so." Drawing the arm of Lucy under her own, Emily, quite happy, led her to Mrs. Foresight.

"Mamma, you will be reconciled to Lucy, will you not: she is desirous of becoming a good child?"

"I had no quarrel with Miss Faulty, my love. I merely told her of the impropriety of her conduct, in the hope she would learn to amend it. Do you feel a desire to apologize to me, my dear?" addressing herself to her.

Lucy's proud heart knew not how to

Lucy's fall from standing in the swing.

stoop to submission. She had been so used to be fondled, after committing an offence, that a by-stander would have concluded the mother had been in fault, instead of the daughter. However, having experienced some difference between the method of her mamma, and that of the good lady before whom she was now standing, she burst into another flood of tears, and with difficulty pronounced,

"Yes, ma'am."

"This, Lucy," said Mrs. Foresight, kissing her, "affords me great satisfaction, as your contrition leads me to think that, in time, you will become a good young lady. Emily, you may go and practise your hour at the instrument.

Emily left the room, to obey her mamma. "I have sent your young friend out of the way, Miss Faulty," continued she, "for the purpose of talking to you in private. Where did you find Emily's thimble this morning? Nay, no hesitation. Give me a direct answer." Covered with confusion, in a faultering tone of voice, she answered,

"In the work-bag, ma'am."

"What induced you to carry it to hide in my dressing-closet?"

"I wanted—(picking at her fingers from excess of shame)—I wanted," repeated she, "to make Emily play with me."

"Did you expect that was the way to oblige her to do so?"

"I thought she could not work without a thimble, ma'am; (here she paused, but at length stammered out) and then she would play with me."

"The failure of your plot threw a double disappointment on the attempt, and the discovery by me proved an equal punishment to you; therefore let that warn you never again to practise such low cunning. Nay, I make myself certain you never will."

"Indeed, indeed, I never will."

"Another question, and I have done. What were you thinking of when you shut the poor kitten into the same closet with the thimble?"

"I do not know, ma'am."

"I am inclined to think you speak truth, in some respects. Your thoughts were so occupied in getting rid of the thimble, that you could not bestow another upon how the poor kitten was to live. Suppose no one had gone in there for a couple of days, do not you think it would have died of hunger?"

Lucy was silent. She had no excuse to make.

"Would not you have considered yourself guilty of the death of that poor animal? having shut it up without the means of obtaining either victuals or water!"

"I know I am a very naughty child, but I will never do so again: only forgive me this once," said Lucy, hiding her face in the lap of her friend.

"I have no more to say. Seeing that you are really sorry for the past, we will look to the future with better hopes; and when Emily has finished this last of her regular employments for the day, you may both go and swing. Her servant will attend you."

Lucy clasped her hands round the neck of Mrs. Foresight, and wept for joy. She was happier at this moment than ever she had felt before in her life.

The limited hour for music being expired, the young ladies were permitted to enjoy the exercise of swinging. Lucy, who had promised to reform, insisted that Emily should have the first turn; and the latter, having been taught by her mamma, rather than to cavil about first

right, to resign to her playmates the option of deciding, complied; though convinced, at the same time, that, as being at home, her visitor was first entitled to command that privilege. It was now Lucy's turn. After having been swung some time, she wished to show how dexterously she could stand in the seat of the swing. Her feet slipped. Instead of keeping tight hold of the rope, fear made her let go, when down she tumbled, grazed the skin off her elbow, and cut the side of her mouth. What was to be done now. Something must be applied to stop the bleeding of her mouth, yet she dreaded to encounter the displeasure of her new-made friend. Bell went in to inform her mistress of what had happened, and fetch

out something to bathe the wound with. On the appearance of Mrs. Foresight, Lucy exclaimed,

"I hope you will not be angry with me this time. I did try to be good, ma'am; but indeed I am a very unfortunate little girl."

"The hurt you have received, my dear, is a sufficient punishment for the fault. It will operate as a caution, likewise, against standing up in a swing. You might have broken some of your limbs."

"I know it was a naughty trick; but I cannot be a good child all at once."

"I do not expect that you should, my dear; but since your mind has become open to conviction, I have great hopes of seeing an alteration in you for the better.

There is no doubt that every young lady can overcome her foibles, if she determines to persevere in so good a cause."

"Now I am quite happy, and do not care for the pain of my elbow, because you do not look so serious at me as you used to do. Will you kiss me?"

"Willingly," replied the good lady, stooping to comply; "and if you are satisfied with the exercise you have already had, Emily and you shall take your tea with me, (added she,) as a proof I am not angry."

"I do not want any more exercise to-night; but I will tell my own mamma, to-morrow, how good you are."

Mrs. Foresight, taking a hand of each young lady, led them both into the draw-

ing room. The tea passed over without any cause of complaint on either side. Emily was rejoiced to see her young friend gaining the attention of her mamma; and, immediately on the tea-equipage being removed, Mrs. Foresight produced a dissected map of England, saying: "Come, my good children, let us try which of us three can join the most counties together."

Lucy, who was naturally averse to any thing like study, had unfortunately a mamma who, being indolently inclined herself, would not take the trouble to insist upon her learning to read well, but foolishly thought she would take to it in time. Nor did the idea ever once occur to her, that such a thing as a dis-

sected map might infuse the desire of knowledge into her mind. In short, Lucy had never seen one before; and when desired to try her skill in putting it together, endeavoured to place Norfolk in the Bristol Channel, and Cornwall in the space allotted to Cumberland. Emily, who, at the age of five years, could join the whole together with accuracy, could not avoid expressing her surprise; when her mother said to Lucy, "Suppose you allow Emily to show you how she contrives it." Lucy was impatient to see it put together; and Emily, asking her mamma to call them, sat down to the task. Each county was distinctly separated from the other; and Mrs. Foresight, taking up one,

said, "I have Middlesex here. How will you surround it, my love?"

"Here are Surry and Kent for you, mamma. Now I must find Essex. Where is Hertfordshire? Now Buckinghamshire. Oh, here is Berkshire. It is surrounded, now, mamma: is it not?"

"Yes. Now put in the other counties, and complete your map."

It was soon done, and Lucy, for the first time in her life, began to regret that she had not been so good a girl as Emily. Being naturally gifted with great quickness of thought, she said, after a short pause,

"But surely I may learn. It is never too late to be good."

"That it is not," replied Emily. "If

you determine to learn to read well, I will give you a prize for it myself; and I think my mamma will give you another, for encouragement."

"Every person will encourage children who strive to excel in what is good," answered her mamma. "What prize have you to offer to Lucy?"

"You know, mamma, I can already draw a little; and I hope, by the time that Lucy can read, to be able to paint a white satin bag for her to put her books in. What will you give her, mamma?"

"I shall seek for something worthy of her acceptance, but cannot, just at present, promise any thing in particular. The

prize from me will depend upon two conditions: learning, and good behaviour."

"I will be a very good girl then, and learn my book very fast into the bargain. I wish I could live with you," said she, sighing.

"Why do you wish to live with me? Your own mamma is more indulgent to you than I am."

"If I was always a good child, you would indulge me as much, and teach me to learn every thing that Emily knows. My mamma does not do that, but I will tell her she *must*. Shall I?

"It would not be proper in you to tell your mamma she *must*," replied Emily: "tell her you have a desire to learn, and request that you may be taught. I

am sure, if she loves you, it will make her very happy to hear you say so."

Bell was not suffered to wait Emily's pleasure to go to bed. When the clock struck nine, she rapped at the room door; and her young lady, bidding mamma good night, retired with her up stairs. Nor was she allowed to make the presence of any of her playmates an excuse for sitting up later, lest such practices should injure her health. As the morning and evening devotion was most strictly attended to, Emily repeated, with emphatic fervour, her prayers and hymns; while Lucy, who had been attended by careless servants, gabbled hers over so much like a parrot, by rote, that not one distinct word could be heard, out of the whole."

"Upon my word, Lucy," exclaimed Emily, "I am glad mamma did not hear you say your prayers: you gabble them over so, there is no understanding a word you utter."

"Will you teach me your prayers?" asked the converted girl.

"With pleasure, if you wish to learn them."

"And to repeat them as you do?"

"If you are taught by me, you must repeat them as I do, Lucy; for I could not run over my hymns and prayers as one does one's fingers along the keys of a piano. Mamma says it is a very great fault."

"It is not *all my own fault*, though, Emily, if I do it; because Sally hurries

me to go to bed, and says she wants to go and get something pretty for me to play with in the morning.'"

Unlike the preceding day, Lucy in the morning asked for a book; and was reading, when Mrs. Foresight entered Emily's private apartment. A wonderful change this! Was it not, my young reader?

"Now I see you can be a young lady of your word. What book are you reading, my Lucy?"

"'Goody Two Shoes,' ma'am," replied she, quite elated that Mrs. Foresight had said *my Lucy* to her.

"Ah, poor thing, she and her brother lost their father and mother at a very early age; but, from being remarkably good children, Providence brought them

through all their poverty and trouble, and raised them to affluence in the end. Such was the reward of their merit. I make no doubt, though, of your having read it before now."

"Not all through: but will you let me stay here, and read it with Emily?"

"What! and let your mamma return home without you. Do you recollect that she is to fetch you to-day?"

Lucy fixed her eyes steadfastly on Mrs. Foresight, for a minute; then, in a thoughtful tone said:

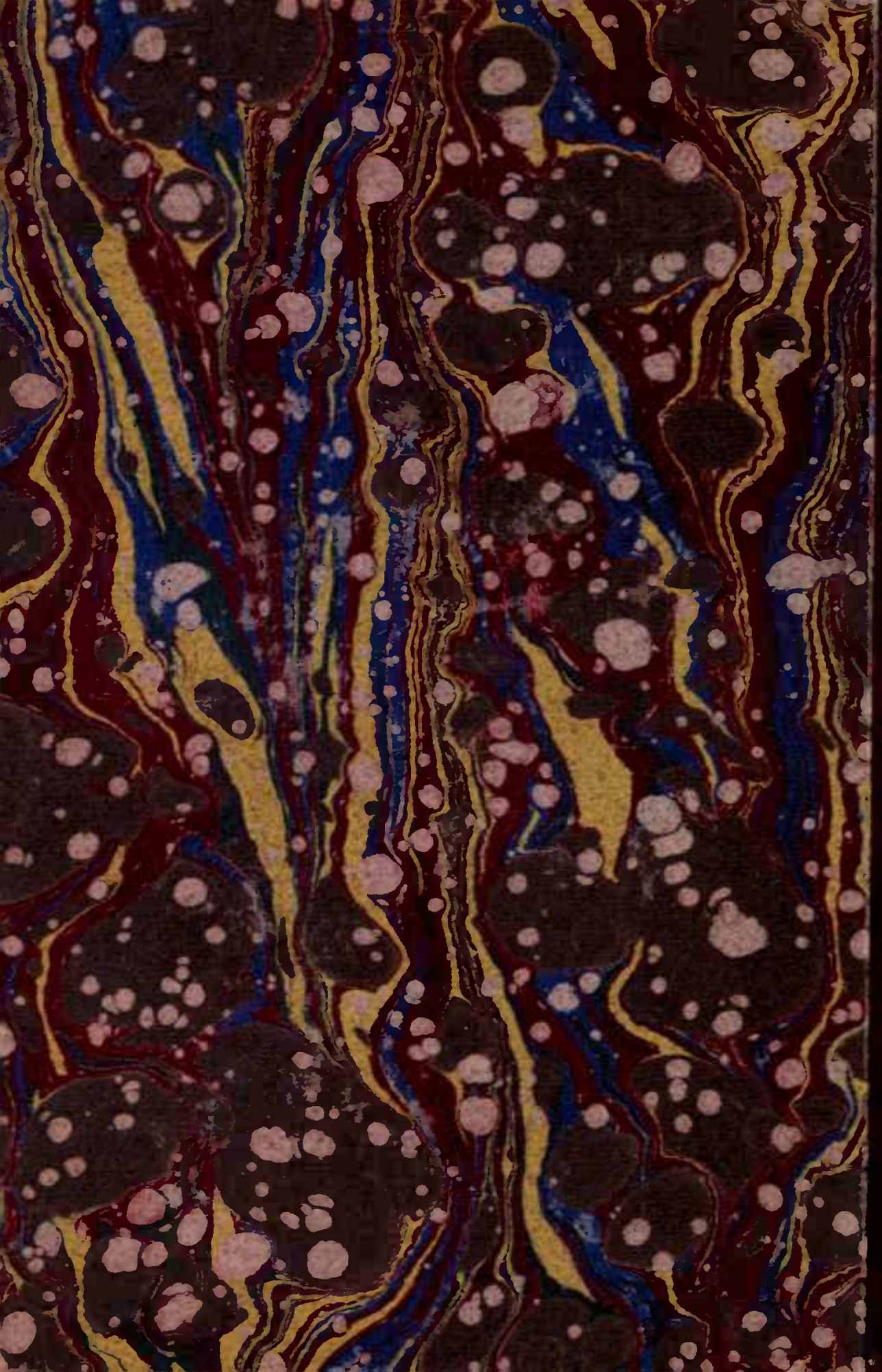
"To be sure, I should like much to go with my own mamma; and I should like to stay with you, to learn to be a good girl, like Emily."

"Suppose your mamma should stay a day longer away than she expected."

"Then I will remain with you until she comes for me, if it be a whole month." This was sufficient. Mrs. Foresight, between whom and Mrs. Faulty the plan had been laid, to try to divest her of the idle habit she had acquired, wrote a note to that lady, merely stating her daughter was contented. We certainly must confess, that Mrs. Faulty, as a good mamma, ought to have held more command over Lucy than any other person; but too much indulgence had withdrawn it, and went very near to spoiling her child's temper into the bargain.

As Lucy had named a month herself, she was allowed to continue that space of

time with her young friend, who, being so good an example, tended to new-model her mind; and, where ideas were really wanting, interwove those of her own. It is true Lucy's disposition was always more lively than Emily's; but, tempered with discretion as she advanced to womanhood, it rendered her the admiration of all ranks of people; and, as you may conclude, Emily and she continued in strict friendship with each other the remainder of their lives.

THE END.

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